

# Life

SAINT  
PATRICK'S  
NUMBER

MARCH 15, 1928

PRICE 15 CENTS



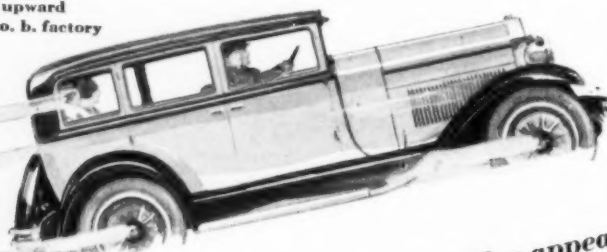
*The Ancient Ardor of Hibernians*



# 68

**\$1395**

and upward  
Prices f. o. b. factory



*This is a great year to buy.*

The New "68" at \$1395 makes any man's dollar appear oversize—it buys so much more.

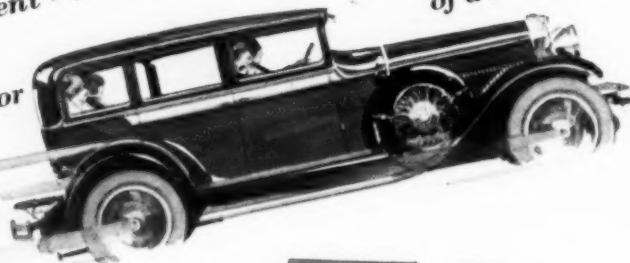
The New "78" is genuine Marmon transportation scaled 'way up in comfort and style—  
'way down in price (\$1895). Each a true-blue

## Marmon

built in Mar-

mon factories to Marmon's high standards of precision and care — Each is a full  
sized five-passenger car with the comfort Marmon has always been noted for and true

distinction in every line and fitment — Add up all of the cars this year and after  
that we believe you'll decide in favor of a Marmon 68 or 78



*You've never seen any car really  
run until you've tried a Marmon*

# 78

**\$1895**

and upward. Prices f. o. b. factory

# What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



King Lear  
Act IV, Scene 6

**“Nature’s above art  
in that respect” ~**

At the time in question King Lear was tricked up like a walking florist’s shop—but he was still wise in his sayings. Liking to refresh himself, even as you and I, what a full-meaning headline he turned out for the following Coca-Cola ad:

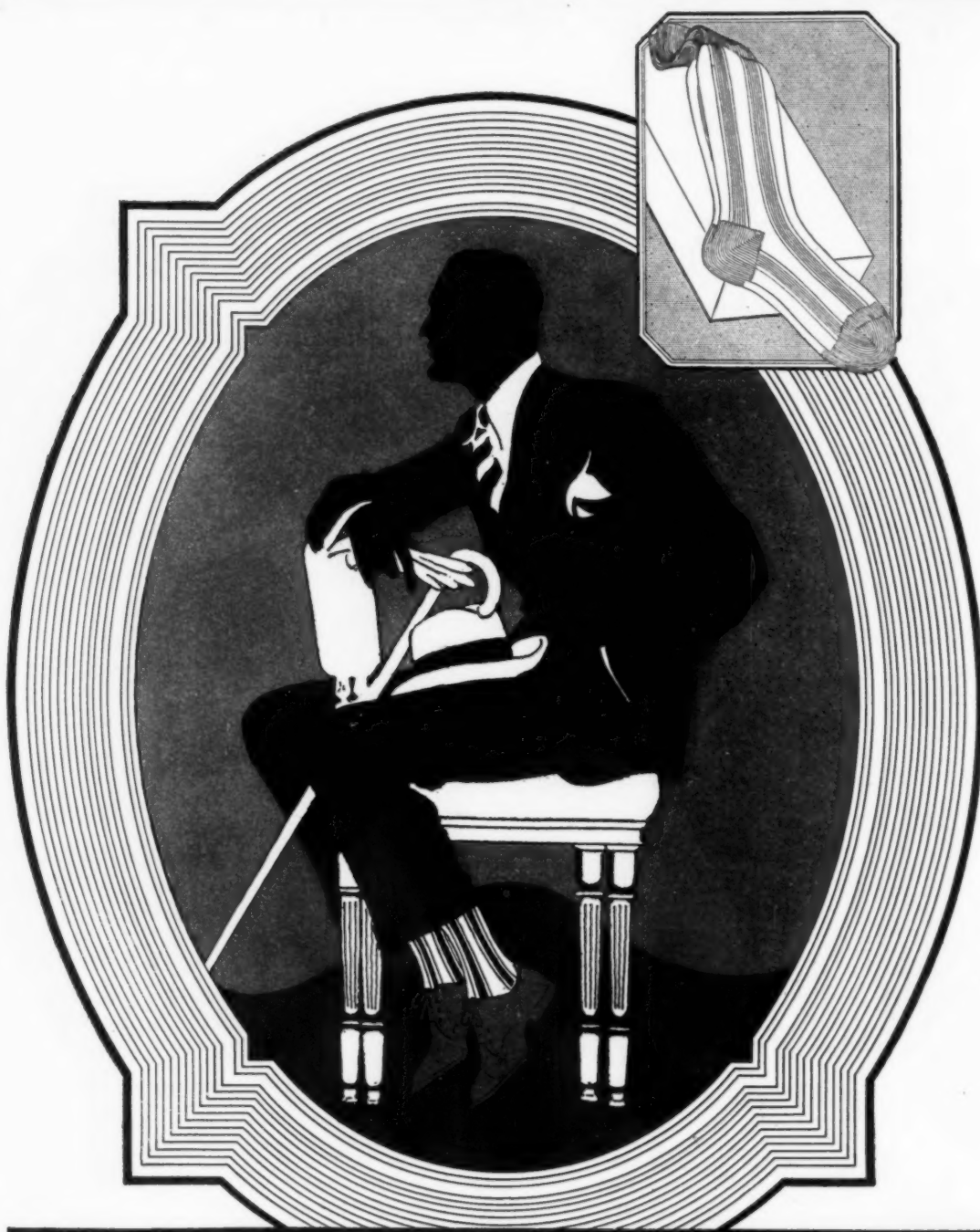
*A pure drink of natural flavors  
—produced before the day of  
synthetic and artificial drinks,  
and still made from the same  
pure products of nature.*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

**8 million  
a day**

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

2-CM



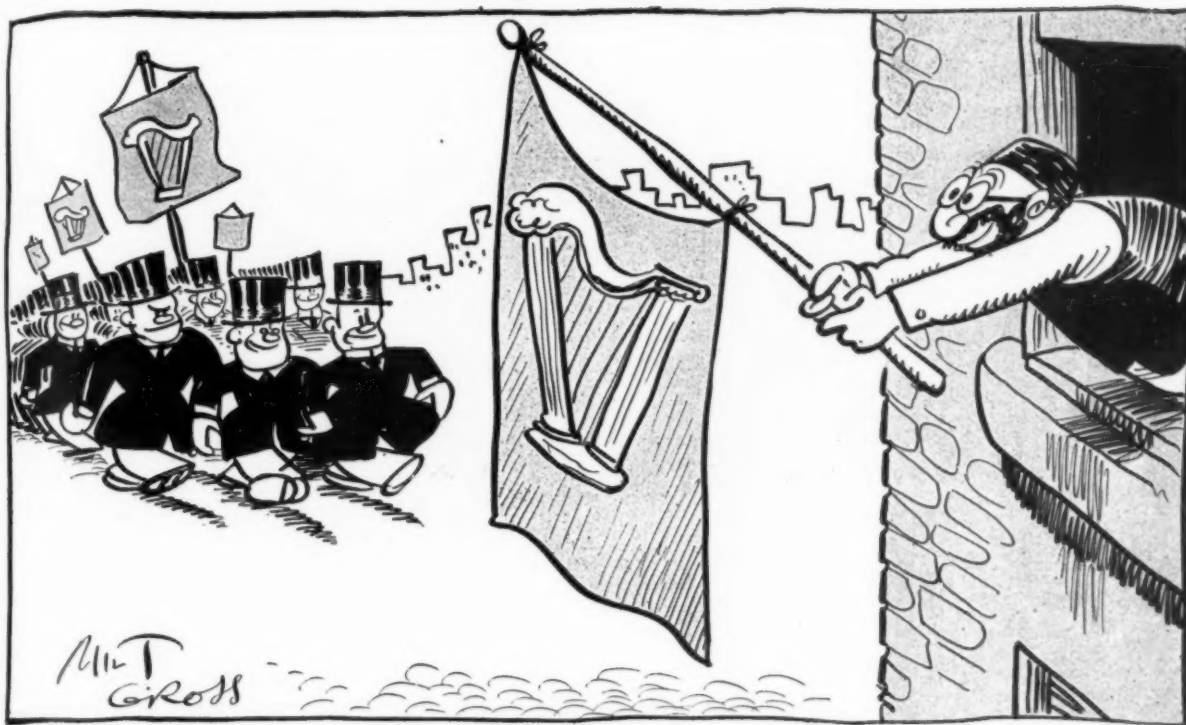
*How well does it look?* How long will it wear? These are two questions most favorably answered by this new-patterned, long-mileage hosiery. Its smart designs are skillfully woven for both style and wear.

**PHOENIX HOSIERY**

M I L W A U K E E



# Life



The Diplomat

## Home Life in Sparta

SCENE: A small, rigorous interior, elaborately furnished with every discomfort. A Spartan mother is busily jabbing herself with a nail file. Across the room, a Spartan father is unemotionally sitting on some broken bottles and reading about the spring trip of the Pain Bearing Team.

SPARTAN MOTHER: Lycurgus, I'm really worried about Junior.

SPARTAN FATHER (inserting a nettle under his trousers): Hm?

SPARTAN MOTHER: Do put down that paper and listen to me!

SPARTAN FATHER: Well, what's all the rumpus about? Hasn't Junior been doing his home work?

SPARTAN MOTHER (tensely): He hasn't taken his tortures for over a week!

SPARTAN FATHER: He hasn't? Why, I saw him out in the yard this afternoon with his fox. Said he was just going to do his vital-gnawing.

SPARTAN MOTHER: Of course you didn't wait to see! Lycurgus, when that boy came in to supper, his vitals were absolutely intact! And what's more, his teacher told me personally that every pupil is supposed to build

a fire under himself at least once a week and he hasn't even done that.

SPARTAN FATHER: Oh, well, we mustn't be too hard on the boy. He's young—and anyhow, I heard him practicing coming-home-with-his-shield-or-on-it, just yesterday.

SPARTAN MOTHER (with a scornful laugh): I don't know what you

heard him doing, but he certainly wasn't practicing with his shield, because he's given it to a little Greek girl to wear to the Stoic Prom!

(With an air of triumph, she sits on a cushion stuffed with thistles, carpet tacks and mustard gas.)

SPARTAN FATHER (absent-mindedly chewing a couple of old razor blades): Hmph! Don't like that kind of nonsense much... But after all—

SPARTAN MOTHER: And you know those fish-hooks you used to stick in your legs before we were married? Well, he took those and went fishing with them!

SPARTAN FATHER: WHAT!! I'll speak to that young man myself about this! By George, Mother, I don't know what's got into these boys nowadays. They're not what they were when I was young. Getting soft, that's what's the matter with 'em!

(He reaches out for a passing bumblebee and tucks it down inside his shirt.)

CURTAIN.

Heman Fay, Jr.



HE SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE



IT SEEMS THERE WERE A COUPLE OF HARPS

## Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady?

"OH—good evening, Flora. I—ah—just thought I'd come in and see you to-night."

"Why, Chester! You sweet boy! I'm so glad you did."

"Ah—you're not busy, are you? You're sure you haven't got something better to do?"

"I'm free as the air. Do take off your things and come in and sit on the sofa."

"Oh, thanks, Flora! Thanks awfully... Is it all right to sit in this chair? It looks a little rickety."

"Come over by me, and be sociable. There! Now, how's that?"

"Ah—is it comfortable for you? Aren't you a bit—er—cramped, as it were, Flora?"

"Don't be ridic, Chester. No, no, don't move! I'm all right."

"Well, Flora, it certainly is a pleasant evening."

"Never saw a better... My, your coat smells nice! It's got that tobacco smell. Mmmmmmm! I like it."

"I say, Flora, I hope you'll pardon my saying it, but your hair is—ah—it's as fragrant as the—er—the scent of flowers... You don't mind my being so personal?"

"You bold, bad boy! Flora is angry wiv her naughty Chester. Flora slap bad boy on wrist." (Pat!)

"I haven't offended you, have I? I didn't mean—"

"There, there! Never mind. I'll forgive you this once... Eeeek! Help! A mouse! Catch me, Chester, I'm going to faint!"

\* \* \*

"Flora—ah—my dear—will you—ah—marry me?" N. R. J.

OUR idea of the world's softest job: Shoemaker for Lindbergh.

## You Left Me Much

YOUR love was brief, but you left me much

To brighten my way through life. You taught me the song that the white moon sings

And the song of the Gypsy's knife;

You found for me words that were bits of the sun

And smiles that were whispers of joys.

You left me kisses—but why go on? My wallflower days are entirely gone—

You made me a wow with the boys!

Ruby Harlow.

## More Data on the Average Man

WHEN he goes to the theatre he doesn't want to see any deep stuff: he wants to see some entertainment.

His favorite movie theatre has a wonderful orchester.

He knows about all the latest deevices on the raddio.

He wishes he had a nickel for every dollar that was grafted when they built the new Municipal Building.

His wife wants to know how far back her family goes, so she has written to a geneologist.

He says that Tooney may be a better boxer than Dempsey, but if you locked them both up in a room and let them go to it, Jack would just about massacre Tooney.

Tup.



SHE: No, I can't be your wife. Won't you please go away and forget me?

HE: But I can't. I'm a memory expert.



"Mummy, can God see me always?"

"Yes, dear. Why?"

"Then I guess I'd better put on my nightie."

### The Admirable Crichton

MY friend Charlie had been a movie usher, and his naturally excellent manners had become impeccable under that training.

Of course, when our ship was wrecked by the explosion, I might

have found excuses for him if his suavity had been slightly ruffled, but no! I shall never forget the perfection of his Somerset Maugham accent as he absently repeated "Sorry!" to each woman and child

he shoved aside to take his place beside me in the lifeboat, nor the crisp, businesslike intonation of his "Excuse it, please," as he pushed a sailor over the thwart. And surely no man alive could have uttered a more cheery "Better luck next time, old chap," than Charlie, as he brought a marlinespike down sharply on a spent swimmer's knuckles.

But the extreme perfection of his training remained still to be demonstrated. After some time on our uninhabited island, one day we saw boats approaching, all too evidently those of hostile and probably cannibalistic natives. But Charlie was still the master of the situation. Standing erect at the water's edge, at the crucial moment he bowed slightly but gracefully from the waist, and with a perfect gesture, two fingers slightly advanced, he uttered gently: "Please pass on to the next isle."

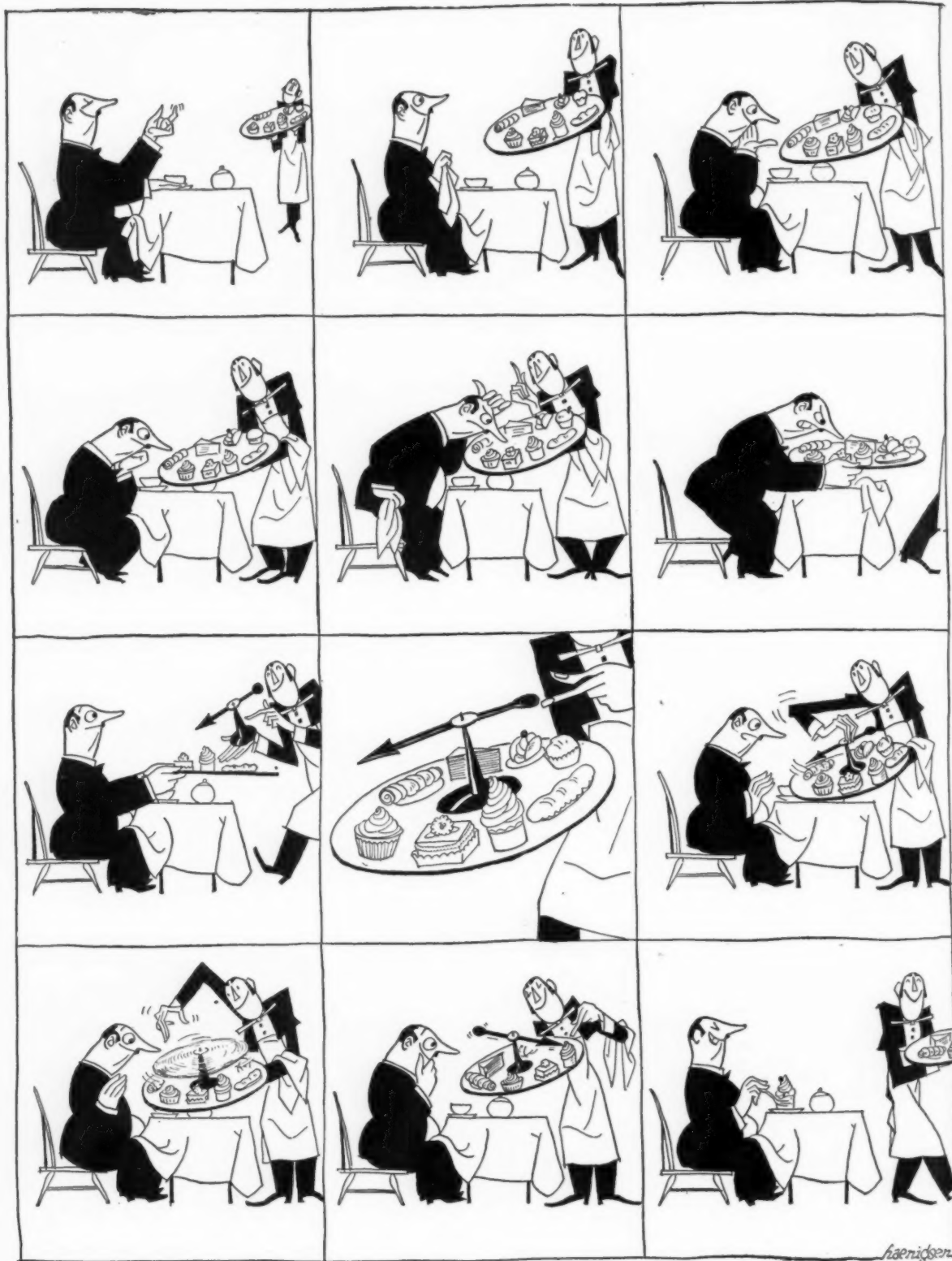
*Forrest Harbour.*

THE tabloid editor's idea of heaven—a murder in a divorce court.



"Are they your boys, Mrs. Mooney?"

"Yis—since there's peace in Ireland, the poor little la-a-a-ads don't know what to be at."



Solving a National Problem



# A Few Reasons Why It Doesn't Seem Such a Bad Old World, After All

**B**ECAUSE there are such things as June nights, Pommery *sec*, apple blossoms, filet of sole *meunière*, stolen kisses, breaking surfs, log fires, the whiff of salt marshes, twilight, unstarched collars, bicarbonate of soda, and the Only Girl in the World.

Because all music is not jazz.

Because nothing is ever quite so awful as we imagine it.

Because the very fact that things are as they are ought to hand us a lot of laughs.

Because there are such things as telephones that switch off.

Because we are able to choose our own friends.

Because, no matter what happens, there are still certain memories to cling to.

Because all co-eds don't look or behave like the college comics' depictions.

Because there are such things as back-door exits.

Because the new Ford car wheezes are growing fewer every day.

Because all heroes in actual life don't look like movie actors.

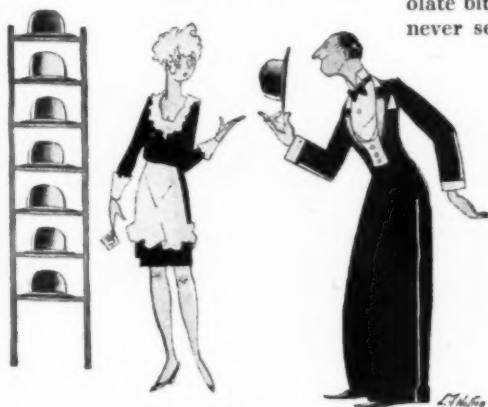
Because Andrew Volstead isn't President.

Because there are such things as sound-proof walls.

Because there is no indication that skirts are going to be longer.

Because all the Uplift in the world isn't worth a plugged nickel when it tries to buck our emotions.

Charles G. Shaw.



"THE KELLEYS"



HOME WORK

## "Were I Laid on Greenland's Coast"

(A Page from the Journal of a Modern Arctic Explorer)

Aboard the Steam-heated Schooner Publicity, Rotogravure Inlet, Greenland.

**W**ELL, here we are at Rotogravure Inlet, and a more desolate bit of the earth's surface I have never seen. We are the first white men who have touched here since June, when a Cook's Tour boat put in to take on postal cards.

Poor Teddy, our polar bear, died last night. He hadn't been himself for several days. Dr. Bumboldt, our vertebrate palæontologist, says the change from the zoo was too abrupt and Teddy didn't have time to acclimatize himself.

At any rate, we are going to get some more pic-

tures with Teddy before we mount him. The taxidermist says we can stick the harpoon into him once, so we'll get some splendid scenes. I won't be able to appear in any of the pictures, because I forgot and shaved last night.

We're having some difficulty with our Eskimos just now. Their manager, Mr. Iceberg, holds out for a larger royalty on the movies. Besides, they refuse to wear the costumes we brought them from the museum, and insist on posing in their Mart, Haffner & Scharx suits.

\* \* \*

Something serious has just happened—something that may force us to return to civilization at once. The chef has just come to my cabin and informed me that the electric refrigerator is out of commission.

Ben Richards.

# Life

## The Man Who Said Nothing

(A Tense Drama of Bigger Business Methods)

ORFUS LYNES, Chairman of the Board of Surface Lynes, Inc., sat glaring at his Board of Directors.

"Before we hand out any gold pieces," he finally yammered, "we have to decide on a President, our friend my son-in-law having resigned to play golf. Now, I've been looking over likely candidates for some time and they all talk too much. All, that is, except a youngster in the accounting department. Young Spiggott has been with us almost a year and hasn't said 'I,' 'yes,' or 'no' to any one, in or out of the office. You must agree with me that a chap who keeps his mouth shut on or off duty is peculiarly qualified for a big office, where newspaper men, lawyers, and what not pepper him with questions twenty-four hours a day. As I said, Spiggott never utters a word... hence I suggest we elect him President of our company, effective at noon tomorrow. Any one have any objections?... Is it unanimous? I thought so. That's that. Let's go to lunch."

\* \* \*

Two weeks later young Spiggott burst into the mahogany furnishings of Orfus Lynes.

"I just wanna tell you," he roared, "how glad I was to get elected President of this bunch of jolly good fellows. Not only for the honor, but especially, at this time, for the money involved. At last I could afford to go to a dentist and get some decent teeth in place of the ugly old stubs that kept me mum for two years. Just look at the way he fixed me up. Now I can talk, laugh, smile, holler and yell with anybody. And believe me, I've gotta good line of talk, once I start!"

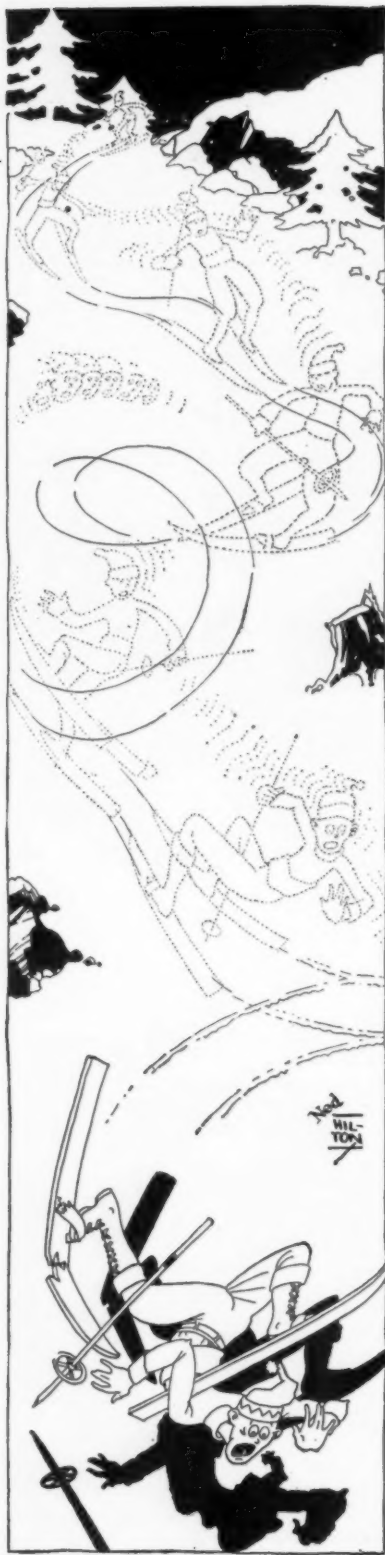
James A. Sanaker.

### Demonstration

BLAKE: Have you ridden with Smith yet in the used car he bought?

BLACK: Yes, and say—when that car comes to a hill, it's there!

"MOTHER is the necessity for invention," said Father, as he tried to think up a new excuse for being out late.



JUST A GOOD HE AND SKI JOKE

### Spring Thoughts

BENEATH the warming loam the bulbs of spring  
Are quickening with the season's opening;  
Tall tulips with their cups of white and rose,  
And odorous hyacinths; my fancy goes  
To all the splendor they will shortly spread  
Across my lovely garden's flower bed;  
Soon they'll be lifting, and with pleasure fill—  
At least, I hope they will!

Thomas J. Murray.

### Baffled

"THE culprit has left clues," observed the great sleuth, casting a quick, definite glance around the room. "The culprit had short black hair, was five feet six inches tall, smoked Plucky Cigarettes, wore woolen socks, played a good game of golf, drove an automobile, had five love affairs, and drank, but not to excess."

"Marvelous!" I exclaimed. "But was the culprit a man or a woman?"

It was then that the baffled look came over his face.

H. F. M.



"I could just go out and murder some one if it weren't for the soothing influence of a cigarette."



"Say...does any o' youse people mind if Joe finishes up a little early to-night? His wife's throwin' a bridge party."

### *Mrs. Pep's Diary*

February 20th Betimes up, discoursing with our Katie about what provisions should be laid in over the coming holiday, both of us distressed that the world contains so few edible animals, albeit we are neither of us in especial carnivorous, but it is tedious to have such short range in assembling menus. And I did tell Katie how modern playwrights do represent women with interests outside the home as being negligent in their domestic duties and did ask her if she would classify me as such, receiving a negative reply which pleased me mighty much, but Lord! if the truth were actually known, the pains that I take with our table might possibly be laid to the fact that I like to eat better than I like to work. At last, thanks to Dr. Montgomery Smith, I have learned how to have onion soup *au*

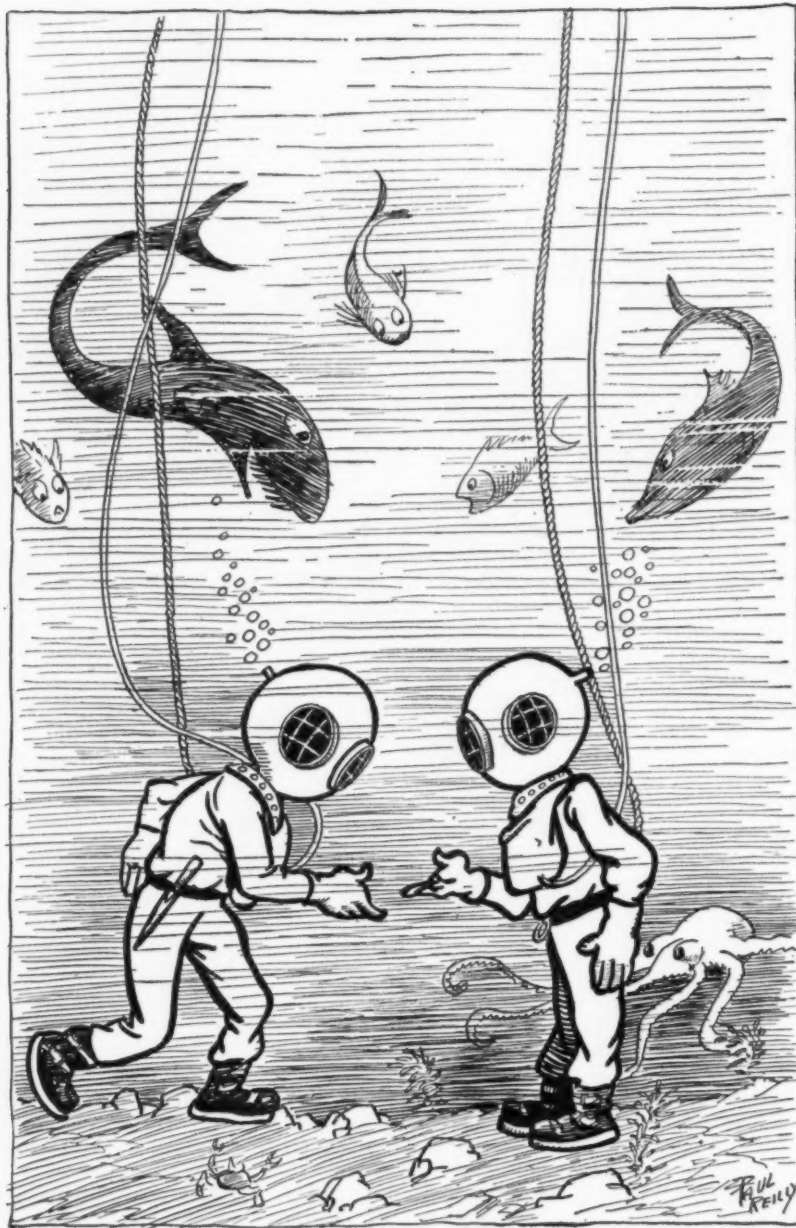
*gratin* prepared in our kitchen as skilfully as it is done in certain restaurants, so off to the shops to buy the earthen vessels in which to serve it properly, marking that the



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

new uniforms on our hall attendants make the place look like a French steamer, and how I wish that my fancy were fact! Now is the time of year when I do long to migrate, and the thought that we cannot accept our marvelous invitation to Aiken does set me a-wondering how many drops of chloral are required for an effective suicide. But I must make the best of it by indulging myself in as much luxury as is possible at home, so I am beginning by having my servant Florence bring to my bed a sample temperature of my bath before she draws it and by wearing my finest negligees whenever I feel like so doing. To a tea at the Randolph Rays' this afternoon to meet Mistress Madge Titheradge, the English playactress, all very pleasant, and when I reached home I did tell (Please turn to page 29)





DOWN WENT.....

SOCIABLE DIVER: So your name's McGinty, eh—an' ye're followin' in yer grandfather's footsteps.

### Once Every Year

"I'LL answer the doorbell this time! The way you let these agents and peddlers run over you is a crime! There's only one way to handle them. Open the door and yell 'NO!' before they get a chance to sing their siren songs.... Quit ringing that bell! I'll be there in a minute!... Now I'll give you a little les-

son in how this is done.... I said quit ringing that bell!... If that's an agent I'm going out and throw him down the steps!... I don't care if he's..... Well, well, well! Good evening, officer! Sorry I kept you waiting! Tickets to the policemen's annual ball? I should say so, officer! Let me have half a dozen!"

### The Californian Treats His Eastern Friend to a Round of Superlatives

"THIS the street you live on, Joe?"

"Yep. Widest and longest street ever built."

"What's that over there, a theatre?"

"I'll say it is. That's the biggest theatre in the world, Bill."

"Any orange orchards near here?"

"Largest one in the West is over here about half a mile."

"Nice house we just passed."

"That's the most beautiful home in the world."

"What building is this?"

"Largest exclusive building of its kind in the U. S., Bill."

"Looks like a packing-house. Do they put up good products?"

"Finest you can buy, Bill."

"The air feels pretty good this morning, doesn't it?"

"Healthiest air you can find."

"How are business conditions out here now?"

"Greatest turnover of any city in the country."

"You had some pretty heavy rains here a couple of years ago, didn't you?"

"Yep. The heavi... Naw, Bill, they didn't amount to nothin'. Not even worth mentioning."

C. J.

### Radio Time

"THIS is station ANY, located in the heart of Hicktown. We will now broadcast the correct time. The time is now 7:04 by the Town Hall tower clock, 6:58 by Epstein's jewelry store, 6:53 by the clock in Cosmetic's drugstore, the church chimes are striking seven, and the school clock points to two minutes past twelve just as the 6:05 train is thundering past the railroad station. Before signing off, Station ANY makes the following announcement to avoid possible confusion: the correct time as broadcast by this station is Central Standard Time. Good night."

H. F. M.

MILDRED: Did that boy of yours give you much of a rush last evening?

MABEL: Yeah, he sure did. He took me home on the subway.



## Why a Telephone Was Wrecked

**WESTERN UNION OPERATOR:** I will repeat the paid telegram:

"Miss — M for Mushy, I for Isadore, S for Sissy, S again for Sock, Miss:

"Lulu — L for Lemon, U for uneducated, L again, this time for Lousy, and another U for Underwear—Miss Lulu—

"Miss Lulu Smoltz — S for Sappy, M for Moxie, O for Oscar, L for Leapin', T for Tabasco, Z for Zebra—Miss Lulu Smoltz—

"Ha-won, Eight, as in ate, Seven, rhyming with eleven, Nine, as in No, North, like a point of the compass, Main, sounding like Pain, Street, Noo Yawk, Noo Yawk!

"This is the paid telegram:

"Regret inability be with you to-night. Love. Signed,

"Tom F. Barry"; that's spelt:

"T for Tomato, O for Old, M for Mug. Then, middle initial, F for Foolish. Last name:

"B for Balmy, A for Alcohol, R for Robber, another R, this one for Rooster...

"Operator—Operator—this telephone must have gone out of order, or else the party cut off."

*Tom F. Barry.*

## Call the Alienists!

"DO you think Vare has a chance to get his seat in the Senate after all?"

"Well, why not? They might prove him insane."



"And, mind you, under no circumstances are you to put one of my pictures in your show-case."

## Success Comes to the Jokesmith

**T**HERE was once a humorist who wrote humor for the humorous magazines. He was a hard worker. For long hours daily he toiled and ploughed and reploughed his brain for original jokes, which he found were rare and often difficult to manufacture. But by hard work and by what the prophets of the day called

everlasting stick-to-itiveness he was able to write a goodly number of paragraphs which were in due time printed in the humorous magazines. And he was well content.

And one day there came to visit him a mighty theatrical producer. And the visitor inquired of him if he had received remuneration for his many laughable ideas.

"Yes," replied the humorist, "for each of them I have received from the magazines from one to five dollars and I am well content."

"O. K.," replied the producer in the language of the time. "Then I, the great magnate, will honor you by taking over these jokes for certain of my theatrical productions. For discovering them I shall pay myself fifty dollars per joke, and moreover, the populace will notice them and will think me a wit and will laugh, and I shall speak these same jokes over the radio and greatly profit."

And he did so.

And the humorist was greatly encouraged.

*W. W. Scott.*



"With all thy faults I love thee, still."

**A** MARRIED man is one who has two hands with which to steer the car.



"Ugh! Who in the world would live in a messy place like this?"

"My dear, this is the studio of Raoul le Daub."

"Oh, isn't it perfectly adorable!"

### The Spirit of Research

"TALK abowcha fun, Evvullun, iwwuzza scream; he wuz sa jelluss he ca harly *sspeak*... He juss sattare lookun as mad azza hyeener, annevry time Harrull Dix came on tha screen, he ackudd azzif sum-muddy'd *stungum*, he wuz sa jelluss, onnessstly, iwwaz *more fun*—I coon't getta decent wuyd outuvvum... Annide say, 'Oh, ain't Harrull Dix tha *sweetuss* thing?' anneet twiss-aroun inniz seat an' look azzif he wanned ta bite a piece outa sum-muddy, annye had all I ca do ta keefrom laffun, iwwaz *more sport*... Annen affera wile they wuz a swell close-up thasshode Harrull Dix smilun annye sezz, 'Oh, ainnee tha swelluss fella yevver seen?' anneet twissud aroun azzif he'd sattenona slivvur, annye sezz, 'Oh, he ainsa hot,' he sezz, annye sezz, 'Oh, *dontcha* thinkeze swell?' I sezz, annye sezz, 'No, I dothinkso,' he sezz. 'He ainsa hot attol,' he sezz, annye sezz, 'Well, yaint libul ta boil over, yasef,' I sezz, annye sezz, 'Is thasso?' he sezz. 'Thassaway ya feel aboutut huh?' he sezz, annye sezz, 'Dontcha love tha wayizz hair comes down inna cuyl onniz forrud?' I sezz, annye sezz, 'A-a-a-ah, sure,' he sezz, 'I love *ollem* things,' he sezz, annye

sezz, 'Antha wayee smiles, anniz eyes—' I sezz, annye sezz, 'I'd like ta kissum,' he sezz. 'I'm juss prayun fa tha chanss,' he sezz, 'I'm *pinun away* forrum,' he sezz, 'annit brace my heart because I can't sit-tere an' watchizz sweetface awnight,' he sezz. 'Annunnuther thing,' he sezz, 'nex' Wensy night we ain't gonna go ta no *pitcher*, we're gown to a danss, see?'... Annee wuz sylun as the grave alla way home... Onnessstly, Evvullun, I never hasso mush fun immye *life*... Iwwuza *scurr-eeem*!"

H. F.

### Two Editors of the Nation Meet in the Office

"GOOD morning, comrade. Are you indignant?"

"I certainly am. Have you heard of the latest imperialism in South India?"

"I have. There is suffering everywhere. And race feeling. A Portuguese woman was recently refused a transfer in Connecticut."

"Ah, horrible. The eternal tyranny of the Public Utilities. Government ownership is the only solution."

"But the Government is none too clean-handed in the matter. Have you read the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission?"

"Just finished it this morning. It constitutes a ringing challenge to the liberal-minded."

"You are right. And it is a tocsin for the cause of social justice, too. Have you looked over the Banking and Finance Act? Shameful, isn't it?"

"It is indeed. But there is hope in the British Labor Party."

"Yes, and in the Women's Rights Party in Peru. The Youth Movement is a hopeful portent for the future."

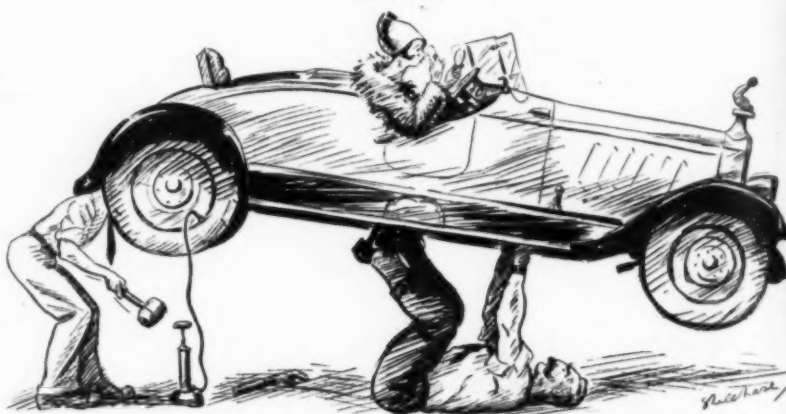
"I feel the same way about it. Let's write it down and go out to lunch."

W. W. S.

### Bunched

RUB: I'm making a collection of useless words. Can you help me?

DUB: Here's a copy of the *Congressional Record*!



THE CIRCUS STRONG MAN FORGETS TO BRING ALONG HIS JACK ON AN AUTO TRIP

## The President Obeys That Impulse

**G**OOD morning, gentlemen of the Cabinet. I hope I kept you waiting a little longer than usual. If we had a Department of Agriculture that was worth a whoop I wouldn't be late. I've given you plenty of polite hints, Mr. Jardine, but it seems I shall have to do more than hint to get your department to do something about the native grapefruit. Yes, Mr. Jardine, all over my vest again this morning.

I see by the morning papers, Mr. Davis, that the Department of Labor is making progress toward industrial peace in this country. I think maybe it'd be a good idea for you to sit in at Mr. Kellogg's desk until we finish helping the Nicaraguans elect a President that suits us for their own good.

I tried to get you on the telephone three times yesterday, Mr. Wilbur. Why the hide-out? Another submarine half an hour overdue?

And by the way, Mr. New, I was awake half the night because of a rumor that a post office patron in Ebb Switch, Idaho, actually found a stamp with enough glue on it. I believe I have addressed you quite frequently on the subject of economy, haven't I, Mr. New?

Where are the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Interior



"Just before I start a Chicago fire I always light a Marlboro, but—I blame the fire on the cow."

this morning? I hope the presidential bug hasn't crawled under *their* shirts, too, Mr. Hoover!

It looks as if Congress were going to pass that Gumper Bill unless we do something desperate. Maybe you'd better come out with an endorsement of the bill, Mr. Mellon.

Well, that's all, gentlemen. Throw your annual reports into the waste-basket and file out quietly. *Good morning. Dum deedee dum dum—*  
Gerald Cosgrove.

### Query

"But the daughter of Cadmus saw him, fair-ankled Ino..."  
—*Odyssey, Bk. V.*

**I**NO of the ankles fair.

Did you first dictate that style:

"Dresses shorter, legs quite bare,"

Ino of the ankles fair?

(Nymph, I bet you had a pair For which Zeus would walk a mile.)

Ino of the ankles fair,

Did you first dictate that style?

S. Thorwald Stieglitz.

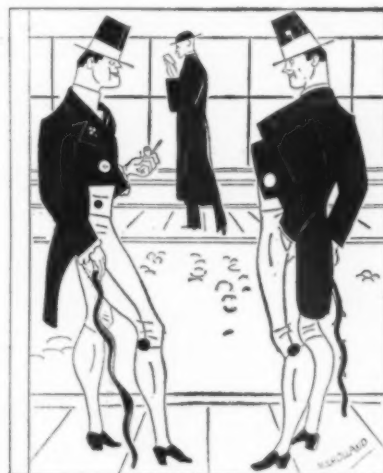
### No Decision

**H**USBAND (after heated argument): But, dearest, don't you admit that I'm usually right in such matters?

WIFE: I don't admit anything of the kind unless you'll admit that I'm usually right, too.



"Why are ye wearin' a black eye, Hinnessy?"  
"Sure, it's a mourning for the man that gave it to me."



PAT: An' pwhat do you call that long gown Father O'Donovan wears?  
MIKE: 'Tis one o' these Parish models.





MARCH 15, 1928

VOL. 91. 2367

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

MR. EDISON, as reported, says that his belief in immortality is a "fifty-fifty proposition," but that if he should discover that he has survived death he would like to go on with his quests and experiments.

On which Arthur Brisbane's comment is that "in Heaven where nothing is needed, no sickness to cure, no houses to light, no batteries to build, experimenting could not be made useful. That would spoil it for Edison."

Well, now; if Brisbane's idea of the future life is that it is a condition in which there is nothing to do but play the harp and sing adulations in chorus, he is very, very far behind the times. He talks of Edison's getting into "Heaven," but seems to be planning to land him in a kind of hell of inactivity. How awful! Does Brisbane suppose that the universe is completed; that there is nothing more to be done about it, no new worlds making, Earth in need of nothing, no other planets in a state of evolutionary progress, no proper jobs for Edisons? Does a man with as much imagination as Arthur Brisbane has about the life that is visible, who dreams of airplanes and all kinds of material magic, have no imagination at all about the life to come, and no information to support it?

Funny! The best information now available is that people that die carry along with them the interests that they have here and go on developing them. True enough, they do not build railroads, so far as appears, to connect our mansions in the skies, but the energies developed and the knowledge acquired by the railroad builders last over and continue to operate. Mr. Edison's mind is in some particulars very highly devel-

oped and equipped with knowledge. That, of course, will go with him to wherever he goes from here. The main job in this life being our development, it is absurd to suppose that it stops when we die.

HENRY FORD, extolling Prohibition, says in the *Forum* that there are a million boys who have never seen a saloon and who will never know the handicap of liquor either in themselves or their relatives.

Henry is indeed a strange man. What he sees he sees marvelously. What he does not see he is incredibly blind to. His idea of contemporary Prohibition is largely imaginary, and terribly incomplete. Sometime when his feet touch the ground again on that subject he may be useful about it.

He does not know what has happened to the Constitution; he does not seem to realize the immense disorder of current life. In his relation to Prohibition he is in about the same relative position that he occupied about War when he sailed off in his peace ship to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.

A wonderful man is Ford, equally wonderful in his efficiency and in his obliviousness! Very likely the two go along together and belong together, especially in specialists, but every now and then Henry has to wake up and face the facts about something that he has been wrong about, just as lately he did about the Jews. He does it when the clock strikes to do it and not till then.



OUR country is very much like him about that. At present it will not face the facts. It will not

face the facts of Prohibition. Its leadership wants to dodge them. So it is about the foreign debts; so it is about the League of Nations. For eight or nine years we have gone along dodging everything we could, refusing to play and working like blazes all the time at material development. That is like Henry Ford. He has piled up a lot of money, not for pleasure, but for use, for strength, for power. The United States has done much the same. By the end of this year, perhaps sooner, we shall have a better notion of what all this accumulation means and what it is going to do for us or to us.



SOMEHOW we must get rid of the notion that the question of Prohibition in the Constitution is primarily a rum question. We shall never be quit of the Eighteenth Amendment by the action of voters who are mainly concerned with what they shall get to drink. That is a secondary matter. The real issue is not there. Dr. Butler sees that, as he showed when he said in his Missouri speech that the reform for which there is such imperative need must be brought about by "total abstainers who realize that a terrible mistake has been made; that instead of aiding temperance, we have obstructed it; that instead of building character, we have torn it down; that instead of promoting public honesty, we have multiplied political hypocrisy."

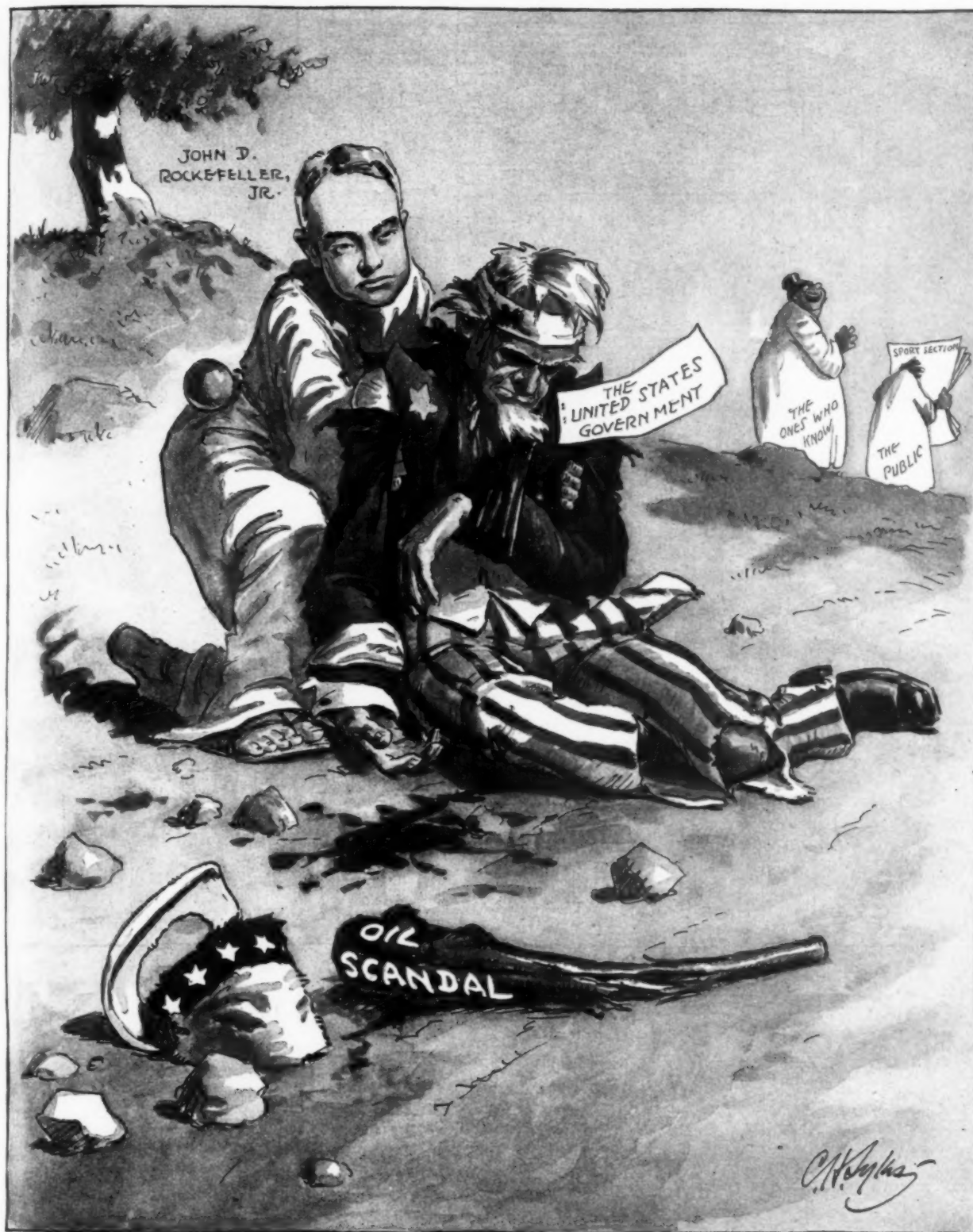
We need better rum laws, not to save our drinks, but to save our national character, which is now going the gait of the Gadarene swine.

ONE reads that the suggestion to coin twenty millions in half-dollars in honor of Charles Lindbergh was reluctantly squelched by Mr. Mellon, largely because there was impending a proposal of the same sort in behalf of the memory of the late Joe Cannon.

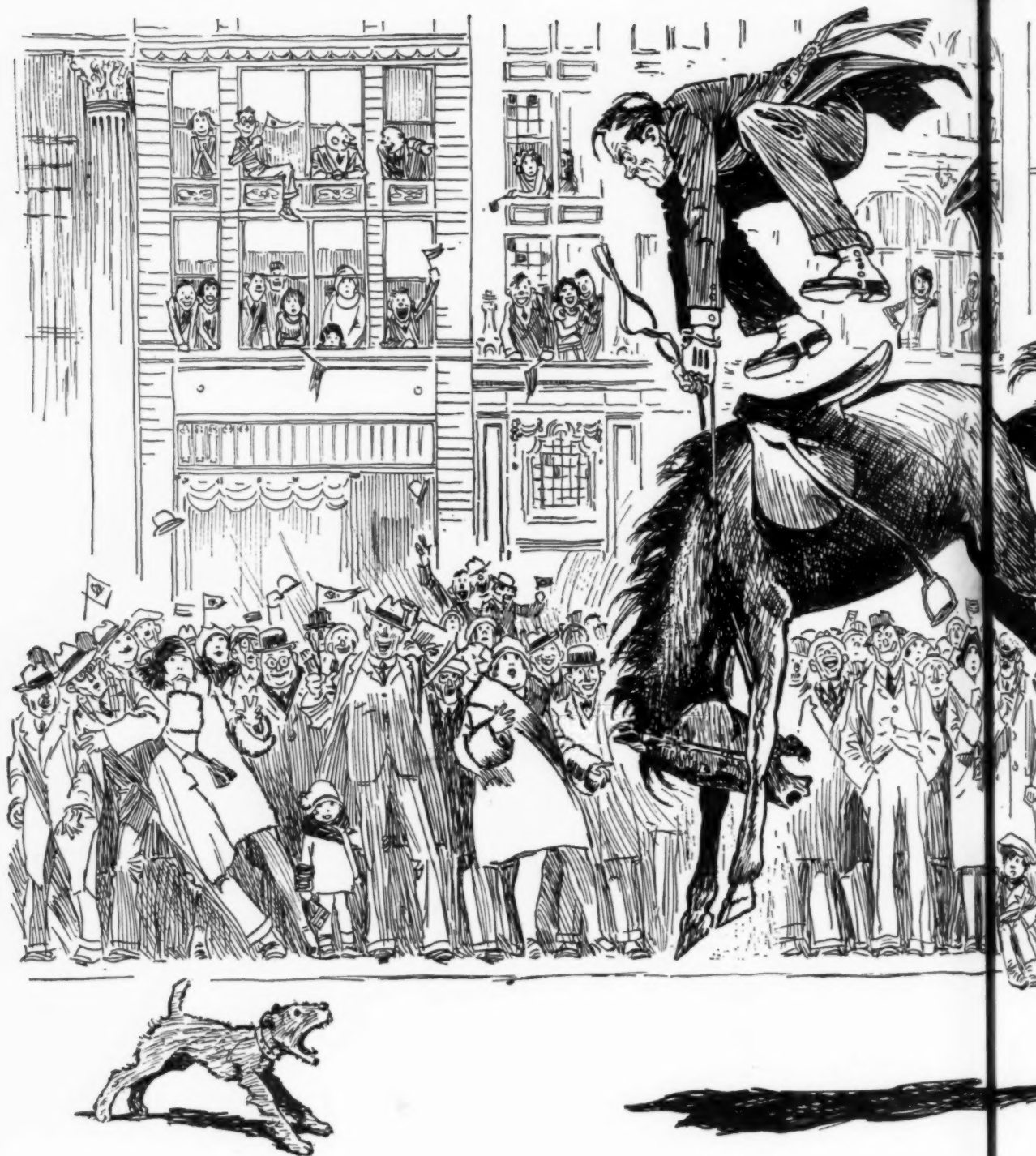
Any reason is good for not putting out Lindbergh coins, or indeed coins in honor of anybody else. We put the pictures of departed patriots on our paper money, but not on our coinage. We should not be foolish even about Lindbergh. Give that young man a rest!

E. S. Martin.





The Good Samaritan



The Grand Marshhets



Marsh Gets a Green Horse





# Confidential



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Clutching Claw.** *Forrest*—You ought to be able to guess from the name just how this plans to play on your spine. It may and it may not succeed.

**Coquette.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Helen Hayes giving a beautiful performance in a tender little tragedy.

**Diversions.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—The sorrows of a youth who loved an actress made pretty fairly poignant by Richard Bird and Cathleen Nesbitt, with Guy Standing as the worried father.

**Dracula.** *Fulton*—Troubles with bloodsucking vampires and other meddlesome phenomena.

**Escape.** *Booth*—The trail of an escaped convict across the moors, excitingly told by Galsworthy and appealingly acted by Leslie Howard.

**A Free Soul.** *Klaw*—Not a play you will ever regret missing, but good enough for an evening off. Kay Johnson is the lady in the case.

**The Furies.** *Shubert*—With Laurette Taylor. To be reviewed later.

**Interference.** *Lyceum*—Melodrama of love and intrigue. Of the old school but worth while because of A. E. Matthews and associates.

**King Henry V.** *Hampden's*—To be reviewed later.

**The Ladder.** *Belmont*—Free seats but don't bother.

**The Merchant of Venice.** *Broadhurst*—George Arliss and Peggy Wood as whoever those two characters are in "The Merchant of Venice," and very good too.

**The Mystery Man.** *Bayes*—Haven't you anything else you can do?

**Napoleon.** *Empire*—With Lionel Atwill. To be reviewed later.

**The Passing of the Third Floor Back.** *Wallack's*—A revival by Butler Davenport, if you are interested.

**Porgy.** *Republic*—An impressively authentic cross-section of Negro life, done by Negroes. One of the Theatre Guild's current successes.

**Quicksand.** *Masque*—With Robert Ames.

**Rope.** *Biltmore*—To be reviewed later.

**The Silent House.** *Morocco*—Sneaky Chinese and deadly gas-chambers combining to make a pleasant evening for Allan Dinehart and Helen Chandler.

**The Spider.** *Century*—Last fall's trick mystery play back again.

**Spring 3100.** *Little*—Something of a jumble which it is hardly worth while to figure out.

**Strange Interlude.** *John Golden*—A five-hour drama by Eugene O'Neill which is effective up to a certain point but constantly what is known as "important." Lynn Fontanne and the entire cast do a difficult job with skill.

**The Trial of Mary Dugan.** *National*—At least one murder trial which holds your attention from beginning to end.

**Twelve Thousand.** *Garrick*—With Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. To be reviewed later.

**Within the Law.** *Cosmopolitan*—One of a series of revivals of old favorites. Violet Heming in the lead.

**The Wrecker.** *Cort*—To be reviewed later.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**And So to Bed.** *Bijou*—A pleasant little love affair of Mr. Samuel Pepys' of which you never heard before. Wallace Eddinger as the amorous diarist.

**Atlas and Eva.** *Mansfield*—A fairly conventional little home comedy which might have been very good indeed. Harry Delf wrote it and is starred.

**The Bachelor Father.** *Belasco*—With June Walker. To be reviewed next week.

**Burlesque.** *Plymouth*—Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck as the dancers whose love overcame the rigors of the burlesque wheel. A good show, for the most part.

**Cock Robin.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Beatrice Herford's curtain speech turns this moderately interesting murder mystery into a fine bit of comedy.

**The Command to Love.** *Longacre*—The element of sex in international affairs shown with explicit clarity by Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone.

**The Doctor's Dilemma.** *Guild*—Good, if slightly dated, Shaw, very well done.

**Excess Baggage.** *Ritz*—Much the same story as that of "Burlesque," only applied to vaudeville, with a smash at the finish. Miriam Hopkins and Eric Dressler as the team.

**The Ivory Door.** *Charles Hopkins*—Something for whimsy-lovers, of which there are evidently quite a number.

**Our Bidders.** *Henry Miller's*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Paris Bound.** *Music Box*—A deft and witty handling of the problem of marital infidelity, with Madge Kennedy heading the cast.

**The Queen's Husband.** *Playhouse*—Roland Young as one of the quieter kings who nevertheless packed quite a wallop on occasion. Good, rousing entertainment.

**The Royal Family.** *Selwyn*—Some delightful dialogue in the midst of the chaos of a temperamental household.

**The Shannons of Broadway.** *Martin Beck*—Some excellent comedy, some effective pathos and some of the old hoke, all made into a swell show by the Gleasons.

**Sh! the Octopus!** *Royale*—To be reviewed later.

**These Modern Women.** *Eltinge*—Chrystal Herne as the wife who had ideas but not much else. A moderately important lesson.

**Whispering Friends.** *Hudson*—One of George M. Cohan's lesser works.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**A Connecticut Yankee.** *Vanderbilt*—Some swell music incidental to a modern and amusing version of the Mark Twain book. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

**The Five O'Clock Girl.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—A smart show, with Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw.

**Funny Face.** *Alvin*—The best individual dancing in town (the Astaires), with Victor Moore and William Kent to be comical.

**Golden Dawn.** *Hammerstein's*—Something elaborate in operettas.

**Good News.** *Forty-Sixth St.*—Collegiate musical comedy which has set a pace for the season. Mary Lawlor and Gus Shy.

**Harry Lauder.** *Knickerbocker*—Still staying over his allotted time.

**Keep Shufflin'.** *Daly's*—Negro show, with Miller and Lyles. To be reviewed later.

**Manhattan Mary.** *Apollo*—Ed Wynn at his best, assisted by Lou Holtz.

**The Merry Malones.** *Erlanger's*—Henry Dixey in a very moderate musical show.

**My Maryland.** *Jolson's*—The Barbara Frietche incident set to music.

**Rain or Shine.** *Cohan*—Joe Cook a show in himself, with Tom Howard to help him. Terrific laughter nightly.

**Rosalie.** *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue in one of Mr. Ziegfeld's inevitable successes.

**Show Boat.** *Ziegfeld*—Some fine singing and a big show. Charles Winninger, Jules Bledsoe, Puck and White, and Helen Morgan.

**Sunny Days.** *Imperial*—To be reviewed later.

**Take the Air.** *Waldorf*—Will Mahoney being funny enough for any two shows.

**The Three Musketeers.** *Lyric*—With Dennis King and Vivienne Segal. To be reviewed later.

## Experiments

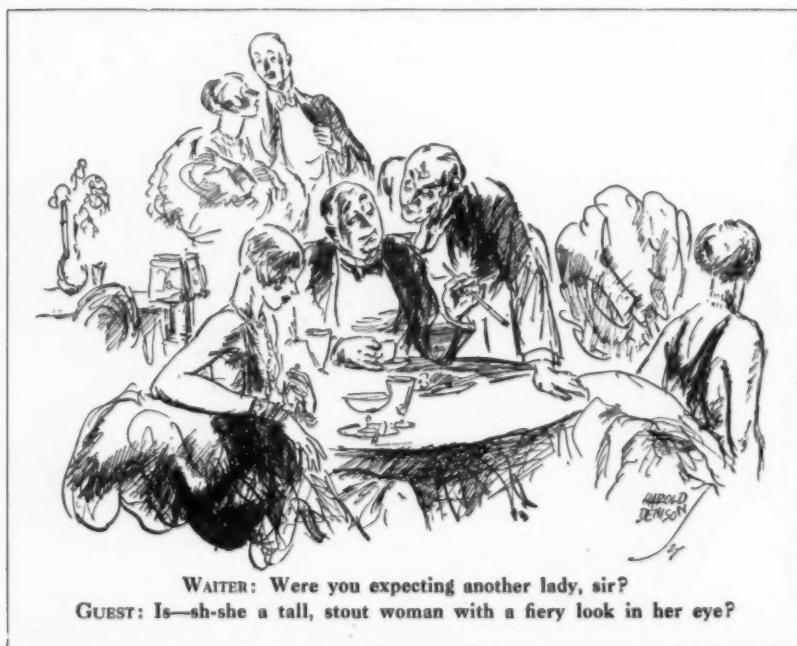
**American Laboratory**—222 East 54th St. Better than most Little Theatre work, thanks to the direction of Boleslavsky. Repertory includes "At the Gate of the Kingdom," "Granite" and "Dr. Knock."

**Civic Repertory**—105 West 144th St. The highly successful "Eva Le Gallienne" crusade for inexpensive drama. "The Good Hope," "Cradle Song," "Three Sisters," "Improvisations in June," and others.

**Greenwich Village Theatre**—An experiment in mixed entertainment, comprising a one-act play (now "Napoleon's Barber"), a movie, and some singing.

**Hoboken Blues.** *Playwrights*—The Newer Drama in its chaotic state.

**Hot Pan.** *Provincetown*—Something which might have been good had it been better done.



WAITER: Were you expecting another lady, sir?

GUEST: Is—sh-she a tall, stout woman with a fiery look in her eye?





### Pulmotor Drama

WE remember as if it were day before yesterday sitting around the stove with the other members of the John H. Ward Post of the G. A. R., keening for the old plays. We got pretty bitter about it. Why, we would demand with that big rhetorical effect for which we later became famous in three capitals (Augusta, Cheyenne, and Baton Rouge), why didn't the managers roll some of the old dramas over a barrel and bring them back to life again?

And by "the old dramas," we didn't mean the Old Dramas. You would never catch us sulking in a corner because no all-star revival of "Ralph Royster-Doyster" was in sight. And while we are up, we could say that if nothing of Congreve's or Sheridan's ever got back to the boards again, it would be all right with us, and what do you think of that? What we held out for was the return of the middle-aged plays, the dramas that used to bring those tears to our innocent blue eyes back in the days when Julia Sanderson was the One Little Girl in All the World for us. We had all our plans made for renting a lantern and going around looking for a producer with acumen enough to shake some of the old Empire Stock Company offerings out of Daniel Frohman's beard.



SOME of those low moanings of ours must have reached the ears of Mr. Chamberlain Brown. It was as if he figured it out that if we were that way, there were hundreds and no one-hundredths of others like us, which is the principle upon which Brooks Brothers have built up their deserved success. He assembled a stock company full of people like Vivian Martin, Julia Hoyt, Alison Skipworth, and Robert Warwick—full, in fact, of those very people—and went in for a repertory of the gas-lit dramas, confident of an audience wistfully hunting for romance and elementary excitement such as used to agitate the breasts, not of our grandmothers, but of ourselves when we wore raglans and collars which came close together in front. Which is very smart of Mr. Chamberlain Brown.

He began with "Mrs. Dane's Defense," which, even judged by the standards of the Columbia Bicycle Company, was pretty much Admiral George Dewey. We do not have at hand files which can show just when it was that Henry Arthur Pinero or Clyde Jones did this bit of theatrical business, but it has about it the aroma of the Welsbach burner. It does move—that much can be said for it. It does have a certain facility, which even Dr. Eugene O'Neill, in his longest interlude, might take a bit of a lesson from (and we will read no letters saying that we ended a sentence with "from").

But the whole business was out of the trunk and it is nice to see it and know that to-day we don't get excited about such things. The measure of a civilization comes from the things about which it gets—or maybe we are just being sophisticated?



"SHERLOCK HOLMES," in spite of the fact that the big cigar scene was something of a flop, owing to the cigar's not working, did have a certain amount of appeal. This was doubtless due to sentiment, because, at one time, we were just a wee bit attracted by William Gillette. We saw him in "Sherlock Holmes" and it seemed to us at that time that if the affairs of the world could be placed in the hands of William Gillette, there would be no more wars. Then came the Great War.

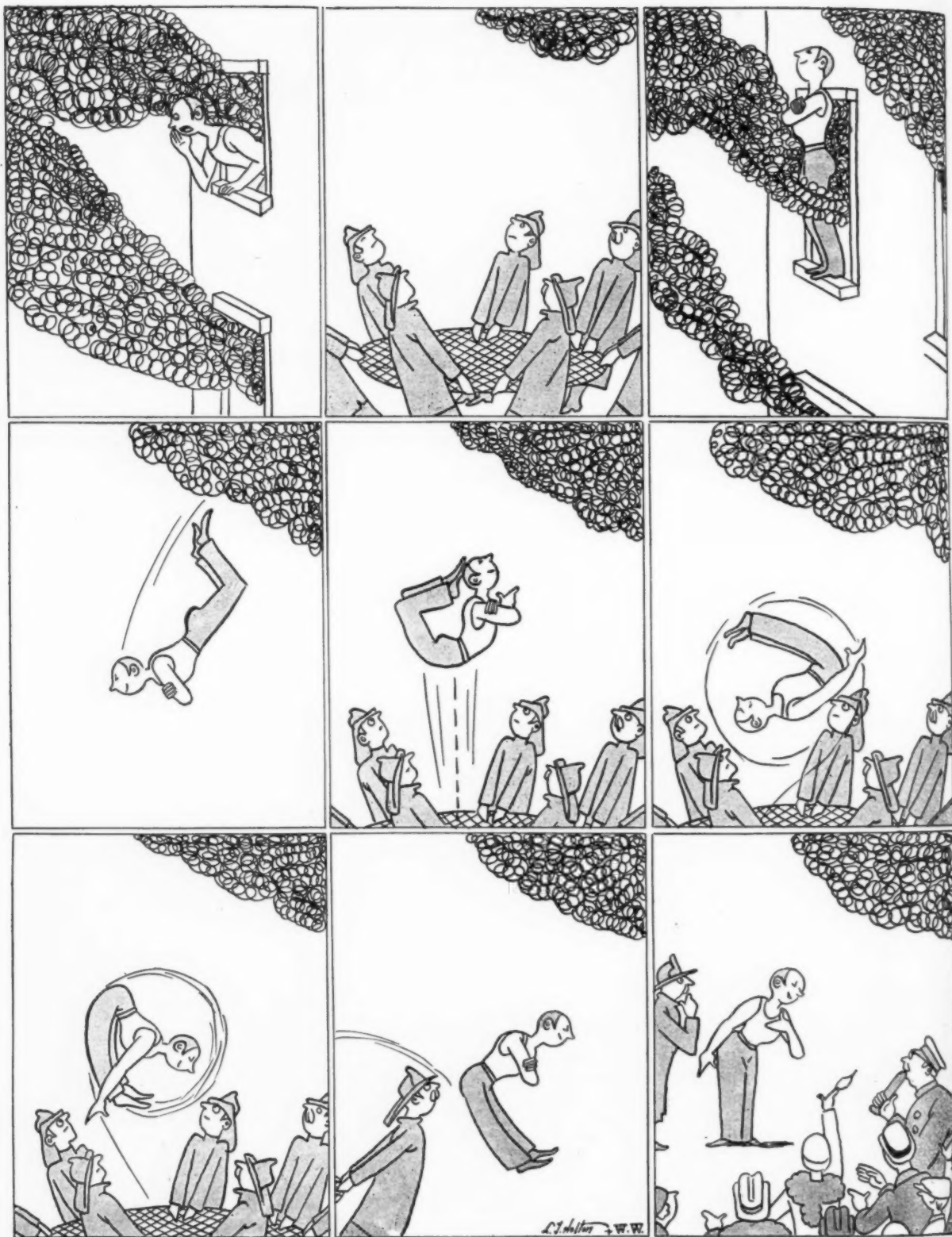
We saw Mr. Brown's revival in that rosy glow, neither sleeping nor waking, which always accompanies any of those Old Memories of ours. It was one of those evenings when we get to thinking sad thoughts. There was the one about there being only one William Gillette, and another about plays written in the early Stevens-Duryea period turning out now to be no more than pretty good. These naturally led up to our third big conclusion that we are getting on, and it is about time that we put our hockey stick and marbles away in the attic, and did something about keeping up our insurance.



ANOTHER revival, done on its own and not by Mr. Brown's stock company, stood up better under the strain of years, probably because there were not enough accumulated years to crack it entirely up. (All right, that sentence ends with "up." All right. What do you want to make of it?) Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters," which caused all that talk when it was produced here back in 1917, shows distinct traces of moisture when Miss Ina Claire holds a mirror up to its mouth. It turns out to be what we of the theatre call "good entertainment," meaning "good entertainment." And it is acted by a company which, with the exception of the ever-reliable Constance Collier, who can always be counted upon to do everything just about *that* much too much, could put sparkle and life into the annual report of the Acme Drop Forge and Tool Company. "Sparkle and life"; there we go, minting phrases again.

Incidentally, what with all that what's-this that has flowed under the you-know since 1917, the big epithet scene is now as startling as any random item from the "The Cutest Thing Our Baby Ever Said" columns of the daily tabloids.

Robert Benchley.



**Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians**  
The Trampoline Artist Is Rescued from a Fire

## Journalistic Portraits

HENRY FORD

HE is one of the richest men in the world. There is no way of telling exactly how much money he has, but he buys any antique he wants.

He has proved that he knows very little about history; in fact, nothing, except how to make it.

He is a mystery to the younger generation, having any number of collegiate cars at his disposal, yet preferring to go to old-fashioned dances.

He ran for the Senate once but his proverbial luck stayed with him.

In the past he has done more than any man to shake the people out of their lethargy. Now he is bending his energies toward insuring peace and quiet for the future.

McCready Huston.

## His Honor, "Bossy" Gillis

MINISTER: Do you know what happens to little boys that play ball and don't go to Sunday School?

LITTLE BOY: Yeah; they get to be Mayor of Newburyport.



"MY dear, I'm simply SEETHing with SPLEEN at this point—I mean I'm ACTually so MAD I could GARGle BUTtermilk, no less, because MOTHER is all aGOG over the PresiDENTIAL ELEction or something at this point and I'm HONestly just too TIRED of coming HOME and finding the HOUSE simply LOUSy with odd SOULS who look like NOTHING HUMAN, my dear, because I mean MOTHER is A L w a y s enterTAINing these strange-looking FEMales who belong

to this 'WHO'S HOOVer Club' or something because I mean they're ALL simply COCKEYed on the subject of this HOOVer person, my dear, who did something in the RUSsian Revolution or something, didn't he? Or was that DAWES, my dear? I mean the odd soul with the PIPE—you know the type. Well, ANYways, I'm for Al SMITH, my dear, and it makes MOTHER SIMPLY RIPPING when I sort of STATE my VIEWS because I mean she thinks the RePUBliCAN PARTY is the only straight TICKet or whatever you call it and she keeps inCINerating that the DemoCRATic ticket is CROOKed or something because on account of TAMmany HALL and the INt'rests or something, do you know what I mean? But I mean I SIMply aDORE Al SMITH, my dear, because there's something TERRibly CUTE about him and I don't think that just because he's from the EAST SIDE it ought to PREJUDice NICE people aGAINST him or anything because I mean after ALL, my dear, I think it's the POORer classes who are the TYPICAL AMERicans or something, my dear, and ought to be the PRESidents—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

## Carte Blanche

IF you love me  
As I love you,  
You're not to blame  
For what you do.

Marne.



BOARDING SCHOOL GIRL: I wish they'd stop that silly music and announce something. I'm just dying to hear a man's voice.

WIFE: John, I told you to bring home some sandwiches from the drug store. You've forgotten again.  
JOHN: No, I haven't, dear. They're right here in my vest pocket.



## A Fellow Can't Do That

"SURE is great news, about ol' Mike being a vice-president!"

"You said it, Bill. Ol' Mike certainly had it coming to him!"

"He's a white man, Joe. And he'll make good, too, if he learns to keep his mouth shut."

"Now you're talking, Bill. A guy can't tell everything he knows and hold down a vice-presidency."

"And that's going to make it rough going for ol' Mike. He can't keep anything under his hat!"

"Yeah, and worse than that, Bill: Mike has a funny habit of hearing something and then blabbing it around before he finds out if it's true or not!"

"He's the worst he-gossip I ever saw. And a fellow can't get by with that, Joe. A fellow's got to keep his eyes and ears and especially his mouth shut to some things these days."

"Wouldn't surprise me if that's the way he got promoted: by running in to the old man with every bit of gossip he heard!"

"Me either, Joe. Mike is just the kind of guy that would do it. While you and me might hear something about somebody and keep our traps shut, Mike would toddle around and spill it right and left! I understand that's why he got let out at the last place!"



"The audience seems to like me."  
"Don't be absurd. They're just cheering your dressmaker."

"Was it? I heard it was because his accounts were off some way. I didn't get the straight of it, but the dope that went around was that there was something funny!"

"I don't know about it. I never did like the way his eyes was set together. And when a fellow gets to chassing around with redheaded stenos..."

"Is he stepping out with that red-head?"

"Oh, I don't know if it's anything serious, Joe. But I overheard somebody say they saw 'em both getting on the same street car the other night. Figure it out to suit yourself."

"What do you know about that!... Hm... And did you see the little blonde girl when she came out of his office yesterday? Looked like she'd been crying!"

"The old Turk! Got a regular harem, eh? It takes more money than ol' Mike is dragging down on salary to finance a lot of stepping out. Somebody ought to tip off the old man it might not be a bad idea to check up Mike's accounts."

"That's what I told the old man's secretary this morning, Bill! But of course I didn't tell her any of this talk that's going around, only enough so she could give the old man an idea, so he could protect himself. Let the old man find it out himself!"

"That's the idea, Joe. A fellow don't get anywhere passing along everything he hears."

"You said it, Bill. That's why I always keep my mouth shut!"

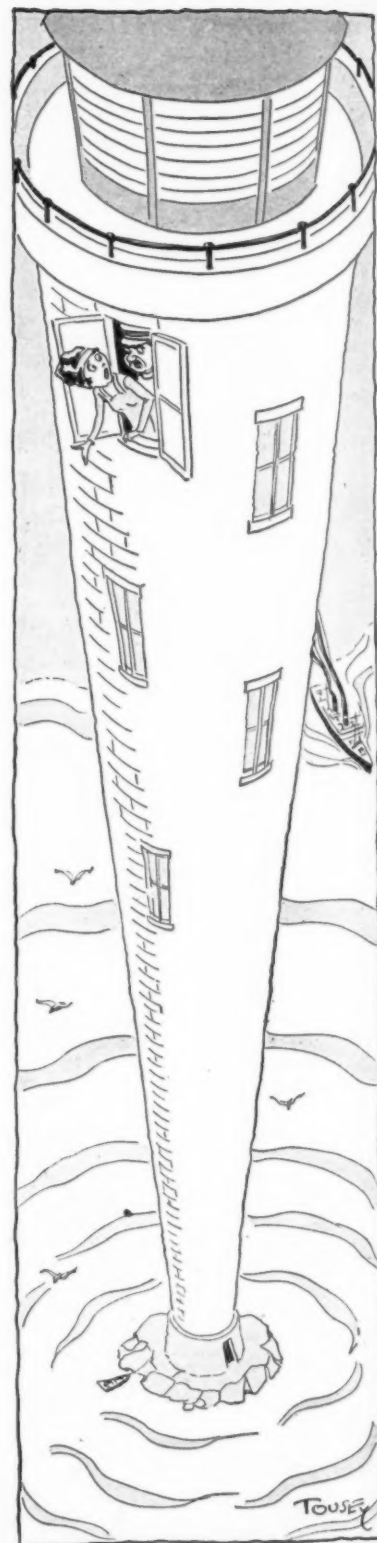
"You and me both, Joe. We got troubles enough of our own without worrying about some other guy's!"

Chet Johnson.

## In and Out

MAZIE was all in last night. She was all in from being out. If she hadn't been out, she wouldn't have been in, but she sure was out when she got in. All in from being out. She was out for the rest of the night. She should have stayed in; then she wouldn't have been all in, and she wouldn't have been out from being all in because she was out instead of staying in. Sallie is never all in. The fact that she's always in and never out keeps her from being out and all in.

Frank Romano.



LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S WIFE: John, I left my vanity case down in the boat. Would you mind just trotting down to get it?





A SINGLE glance at the aristocratic lines and regal appointments of the new Cadillac must of necessity determine at once all question of social supremacy in motoring hereafter. In addition, there is assurance of lithe and lightning-like performance from the highly developed 90-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine such as no other fine car has ever had.

*More than 50 exclusive body styles by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood*

# CADILLAC

A NOTABLE PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS





POLICEMAN: What's all this mean?

DRIVER: Can't shay, offisher, but that woman must have said *somethin'* to make me mad.

**HORSE:** An animal used for drawing milk wagons and cartoons about the Prince of Wales, formerly found on any farm but now kept in the city at a

**Riding Academy:** A place where the milkmen send their horses when they get too old to pull the milk wagon and are not quite ready for

### Glossary of Riding Terms

the glue factory, to be rented out at one dollar an hour to

**Riding Students:** People who fall off horses for the benefit of humorists and the amusement of the

**Groom:** A fellow who may have been just married but still has an eye left for a nifty

**Riding Habit:** Costume worn by a young lady student which is of very small value in assisting her to stick in the

**Saddle:** Leather dingus attached to the horse's back, which the young lady usually touches only at short, painful intervals after the horse breaks into a

**Canter:** A society pace which looks very comfortable but gives the young lady such an awful jolt every time she and the horse get together that she clutches wildly at the

**Reins:** The straps with which the young lady intended to steer the fiery steed, but to which instead she clings desperately for support as she

lands on the old nag's neck and pursues a zigzag course down the

**Bridle Path:** The cindered trail down which the young lady walks home after the horse's abrupt departure for the old

**Stand:** Posture in which the young lady prefers to eat her meals the following day.

Asia Kagowan.



"... 'Ello, Jakie.... I'm needin' a couple of cases of whisky! You'd better make it Irish whisky—I'm givin' a Saint Patrick's Day party...."

The regular Silent Drama is omitted this week, owing to the illness of Mr. Sberwood.

On page 28, however, will be found a list of pictures previously reviewed in LIFE, and recommended to our readers.



THE JIG IS UP

## Rhymed Reviews

Claire Ambler

By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran &amp; Co.

I'LL bet she'd flirt, this lovely  
 Claire,  
 The angel child of Mrs. Ambler,  
 With anybody, anywhere;  
 I'll bet a lot, and I'm no gambler.

Her prentice hand, at slim eighteen,  
 She tried on Juniors tall and  
 fuzzy  
 And Sophomores of tragic mien,  
 The selfish, winsome little hussy!

In later years her game she played  
 Without one conscientious stric-  
 ture,  
 And saw her charming self, the jade,  
 In every scene the perfect picture.

She flirted hard and did not wince  
 At any male, and each was fated;  
 She flirted with a fine young prince  
 And got him near assassinated.

'Tis true she showed some slight  
 regard  
 For Orbison, the dying hero,  
 But otherwise her heart was hard;  
 Her altruism rated zero.

Resolved to wed at twenty-five,  
 She marked an old adorer, Walter,  
 Adroitly captured him alive  
 And led him, trembling, to the  
 altar.

But when she saw him pale and grim  
 With wedding-fright, she very  
 sweetly  
 Forgot herself and thought of him  
 And thus, perhaps, reformed com-  
 pletely.

Yet though herself she once forgot,  
 I doubt this great reform's en-  
 durance,  
 And think that Walter needs a lot  
 Of Marriage Accident Insurance.  
 Arthur Guiterman.

## Service

He came out of the night club at 2  
 A. M. feeling frightfully important—as a  
 result of synthetic gin in teacups—and  
 called a policeman.

"What's the matter?" asked the cop.  
 "Officer," he replied commandingly,  
 "call me a taxicab!"—*New York Sun.*

"This check," declared the determined  
 diner, to a friend who was making in-  
 effectual feints at reaching for his wallet,  
 "will be paid on a companionate basis."  
 —*Detroit News.*

TOM: A fool and his money are soon  
 parted!

DICK: Who got yours?—*Answers.*



Said CONFUCIUS—

*"Men trip over molehills  
 —not mountains."*

Many a man seeking a position has  
 tripped over a detail—failure to have  
 his shoes shined, trousers pressed—  
 failure to wear a starched collar.

It may be unfair to judge a man  
 by his appearance but it's done!

Many business institutions insist that  
 employees who come in contact with  
 customers *wear starched collars*. It  
 is good business for the company. It  
 is good business for the man himself.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.  
*Makers of Arrow Shirts, Collars, Underwear and Handkerchiefs*

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Guide: I KNOW THIS CLIMB CAN BE DONE.

Tourist: I SUPPOSE YOU'VE OFTEN DONE IT BEFORE?

Guide: NO, THIS IS THIS CHICKEN'S FIRST TIME, BUT MY DADDY DID IT THE DAY HE BROKE OUT OF THE ASYLUM.

—Dublin Opinion.



## The Blessings of Ignorance

FREQUENTLY, as we open one of our bedroom windows before retiring, we are reminded of this one, written by the lamented Bert Leston Taylor of the Chicago Tribune:

As the crowd was coming out of a Chicago theatre into a fierce blizzard a man remarked to his wife:

"The Lord help the rich on a night like this. The poor can sleep with their windows closed."—Louisville Times.

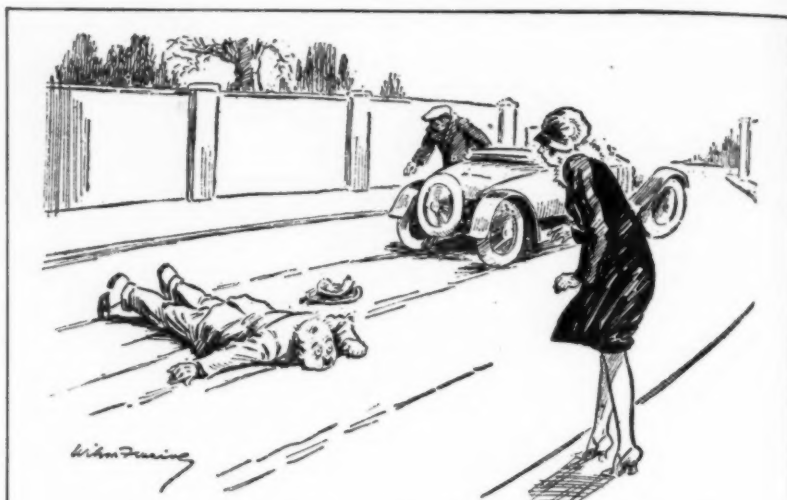
BLINKS: He is a peculiar chap.

JINKS: Yes, and as hard to like as a disappointment.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T WANT TO HELP HER MOTHER BECAUSE IT WAS TOO WARM IN THE KITCHEN.

—Söndagsnisse-Striz (Stockholm)

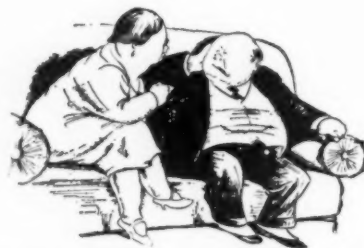


Wife: OH, GEORGE! WHAT DID YOU WANT TO LET HIM DO THAT FOR?

—Humorist (London).

"YEP, it's a very quiet town," admitted the old settler. "A feller fainted in the post-office revolving door last week and they found him this morning."

—Detroit News.



"NOW WE'VE TRIED ALL THINKABLE WAYS OF REDUCING, BUT WE GET FATTER AND FATTER. THE ONLY THING THAT MIGHT HELP US WOULD BE A NEW WORLD WAR."

—Kasper (Stockholm).

## Winsted Paper, Please Copy

A TOAD was found alive in Texas the other day after having been buried in a cornerstone thirty-one years. It will now be tried out at a performance of "Strange Interlude."

—New York Sun.



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

—Rensselaer Pup.

## But Do You Have to Tell It Here?

THEY tell it in Edinburgh. A Scotch thief, pursued by the police, suddenly inspired, dashed into a convenient bank. The police followed. "Sanctuary, sanctuary!" bellowed the thief, and the police departed, foiled and dumfounded.

—Chicago Tribune.



The Major (in night club): SALUTING WITH THE WRONG HAND—THREE DAYS' K. P.!!!

—Fliegende Blätter (Munich).

## Philanthropy in the Day's News

THE world grows kind to certain slaves, I note with pleasure unconcealed. A picture actress nobly saves A poet from the potters' field.

—L. H. R., in New York Times.



## Good Dog!

HERE is a new dog story:

A tradesman owns a small dog which he has trained to carry his letters from the door to the bedroom.

The other morning the dog arrived with three letters, one of which had been chewed to a pulp.

The man nervously opened the two, and found they contained cheques. What had the other contained? The poor man had a great fright until he found one corner of the destroyed letter intact.

On it were the words—"Income Tax, Private."—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

## In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## Another Sort of Static

WELL, the first test of television across the sea was partially successful but everything looked terribly blurred and we understand that Queen Mary's hat was scarcely distinguishable from a new model.—*Ohio State Journal*.

"He was accused of selling intoxicating liquor after permitted hours. He was fine."

—*Local Paper*.

Yes; stout fellow.

—*Humorist (London)*.



A NEW PATIENT TRAP FOR DENTISTS' DOORWAYS. THE PORTCULLIS FALLS IMMEDIATELY THE PATIENT TREADS ON THE MAT.

—*Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield)*.

## Not Responsible

AN old resident of Jackson County tells a true tale about a woman who lived in Fort Ritner many years ago. Her husband, a stone-cutter, died and left a hundred-dollar grocery bill unsettled. Upon his death, she with the family moved to St. Louis. Three years later, while she was visiting back in the little town, her husband's creditor asked her for a substantial payment on the debt.

"Faith, sir," said she, "and I'm not doin' business for Pat now."

—*Indianapolis News*.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## The Rest Is History

THE eighth grade examination paper demanded an instance of how the physical features of our country had affected our development or history. One bright lad scored perfect with the following:

"If it hadn't been for the Delaware River, Washington couldn't have crossed it."—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

"I wonder where our guide got his dialect."

"Out of a novel, I take it."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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## PERSONS YOU'RE SIMPLY MAD ABOUT



## The Amateur Incendiary

It's bad form to get excited  
When a cigarette still lighted  
Leaves the finish on the baby grand a wreck.  
But it's eminently proper  
To take the fag and drop her  
Nonchalantly down the guilty party's neck.

NO one, more than ourselves, appreciates that hospitality which bids a guest feel at home. But really there is no reason why guests should amuse themselves by leaving lighted cigarettes on real Colonial mantelpieces or concealing them in hand-painted waste baskets.

To discourage this barbarous practice we invented the NEVASMOK. This little device, with more than human intelligence (which isn't saying much) smothers a glowing cigarette end without giving it a chance.

And Listen! Nevasmok is guaranteed smokeless and odorless—and girls we don't mean maybe.

Furthermore, NEVASMOK never spills a flake of ash. It can't tip over and it's absolutely odorless. And, furthermore than that, it's terribly good looking.

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The above statement is just as true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

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## Recent Developments

**The Circus.** Charlie Chaplin in a custard-pie comedy which is ineffably funny—the funniest picture, in fact, that any one has ever made.

**Simba.** A fabulous number of wild animals, photographed at close range by the enterprising Martin Johnson and wife.

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.** A faintly amusing counterfeit of Anita Loos's masterpiece, with plenty of cute young ladies on whom the eye may be feasted.

**Beau Sabreur.** More about the Foreign Legion in Africa, but don't expect this one to come within hailing distance of "Beau Geste."

**The Devil Dancer.** Gilda Gray goes into her dance and partially redeems an otherwise feeble drama of the Orient.

**Wife Savers.** Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are comical in this.

**The Silver Slave.** Another tearful mother rôle for Irene Rich.

**A Texas Steer.** The doings of a cowboy in Congress, enlivened by the keen humor of Will Rogers.

**The Dove.** Norma Talmadge as a little native girl who speaks broken English and becomes involved in numerous difficulties with Noah Beery.

**On Your Toes.** A Reginald Denny farce, similar to the famous "Leather Pushers," but longer.

**Serenade.** Adolphe Menjou as a flighty musician in a Grade-A comedy.

**West Point.** If you've seen one William Haines picture, you've seen them all.

**Man, Woman and Sin.** John Gilbert as a gullible newspaper reporter who gets into trouble. Intelligently directed by Monta Bell.

**The Gaucho.** One can't help wishing that Douglas Fairbanks would leave the preaching to Cecil B. De Mille.

**Sunrise.** The first result of F. W. Murnau's visit to Hollywood—and an extraordinary achievement it is, too. Its dramatic strength is increased materially by the fine work of Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien.

**Uncle Tom's Cabin.** The thrill is still there.

**Love.** If you saw John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil," you'll probably insist on seeing this.

**Wings.** A swift and rather gruesome melodrama of the war in the air, distinguished by the performances of Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen.

R. E. S.

## After the Round-Up

IN the early days of the World War the officer in charge of a British post deep in the heart of Africa received a wireless message from his chief:

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

A few days later the chief received this communication:

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, four Spaniards, five Frenchmen, a couple of Swedes, an Argentinian and an American. Please inform me whom we are at war with."

—*Watchman-Examiner.*

"How was the new play?"

"Amusing to listen to, but improper to talk about."—*Washington Star.*

## A Gift for Lost Fat



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Make this bargain with your husband—\$10 per pound for lost fat. You will find him very glad to agree.

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25 Years In Use



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### A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



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## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

Sam that I had confided in Dr. Ray, who read our marriage service, how poorly he had lived up to the admonishments of the ceremony, and the poor zany did believe me for several uneasy minutes, having a fixed idea that I do say on all occasions whatever comes into my head, and giving me no credit soever for the countless times when I do not do so.

**February 22nd** The birthday of George Washington, who, in spite of all the recent biographical investigation, means little more than the Stuart portrait to most of us. Indeed, this anniversary is almost more firmly placed in my mind as the day of the Big Game at Smith College, when the first daffodils bloomed nobly at the florists' in honor of our class color, and we, dangling our legs from the running track of the gymnasium, sang our own lyrics to current popular tunes in honor of our athletes' prowess. It does now mean also that the butcher closes at ten A. M., and the lapse of considerable time between the pushing of the button and the arrival of the lift. Marge Boothby to luncheon, full of talk about taking up riding again, whereupon Sam did beseech her not to buy a block of tickets, forasmuch as Marge's uncashed coupons for French lessons, swimming instruction, courses at Columbia, etc., would send some poor boy through college. I should set down here that Marge's fitful efforts at starvation have caused Sam to write her an epitaph: "She never was, but always to be, thin." And I do hope it is one that holds, too, having no mind to see Marge other than she is now, albeit from her goings-on you would think her gigantic enough to set forth with a circus. But Marge's discourse on dieting does not bore me so much as that of emaciated women who hold themselves to a lettuce leaf because of a pound gained week before last. Reading all this evening in "The Son of the Grand Eunuch," by Charles Pettit, a book not very nice, but highly diverting in patches. Then to patience, winning eighty-five dollars from my mythical Mr. Canfield, and so to bed.

Baird Leonard.

### The Minor Perils of Paternity

YOUNG HUSBAND: I can't stand this suspense any longer. It will kill me.

DOCTOR: Calm yourself, my dear sir. I've brought thousands of babies into the world and never lost a father yet.

—Punch.

## fishing thrills are yours in HAWAII

OUT in a power fishing launch trolling for giant tuna, bonito and swordfish will give you many an exciting hour. And with hardly less interest, you will watch native fishermen at night, hunting squid and eel with torch and spear.

Hawaii is a land that was made for play! Golf, tennis, horseback riding and surf sports the whole year round! It is a land, too, that is ideal for rest... enticingly serene in its sunny, perfumed loveliness.

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Embalmed for future ages  
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For threescore years and ten,  
Our words have been inspected  
By sober, studious men.  
No scholarly bereavement,  
No philologic crime  
Will mar their great achievement,  
Because they took their time.

Would that we might be aided  
By some mysterious spell  
To do our work as they did,  
To weigh our words as well.  
It might, I grant you, fetter  
The writer's daily stint—  
But wouldn't that be better  
Than rushing into print?

—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

### The Greatest of These

AN old Negro Mammy, to keep the pack of wolves away from her door, eked out a living by doing odd jobs. One morning she announced that she would have to quit.

"But I thought you needed the work?" said her employer.

"Well, I did, ma'am; but I've got a new job—collectin' fer de missionary society," the old colored woman explained.

"But I have work for you to do," objected the white woman, "and you need all the money you can get."

"Yassum; but I reckons I've goner collect fer de missionary society," answered the old woman.

"How much do they pay you for collecting?"

"I don' git paid," was the unexpected and enlightening reply. "I only gits all I can collect!"—*Toronto Goblin*.

### Magic Is Magic—Up to a Dollar

GRANDFATHER was amusing his young grandson by small tricks of magic. The small boy watched with saucer-wide eyes while nickels and dimes were skilfully extracted from his ears and hair and the back of his neck. Handfuls of small change found their way to his grandfather's pocket unprotestingly; but when a dollar bill—crisp and green and crackling—was pulled from a fruitful ear, the small boy offered up a wail of remonstrance.

"Give that back to me! It's mine!"  
—*New York Sun*.

### The Optimist

CONVICT (surveying day's rations in cell): Two pieces of raisin bread with three raisins in them, every Thursday. In three years and five months I'll have enough to start a batch of home brew.

—*America's Humor*.



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EDMUND S. MIDDLETON, 1628 Bolton Street, Baltimore, Md.

M. CARLISLE MINOR, Danville, Ky.

CHARLOTTE MISH, 962 Mt. Adams Drive, Portland, Oregon.

### The Winning Answer to Kay's Eleventh Letter

Chevy Chase, D. C.

DEAR KAY:

President Coolidge should have presented you with Keith's to the City; you deserved it for what you did to Washington!

The first shot of the Civil War was fired at Fort Sumter.

The "Hesperus" was "swept tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe," near Gloucester, Massachusetts. Cape Fear, North Carolina, is a sandy spit. Besides, the "Hesperus" has literary associations.

Roosevelt was an intermediary at the Russo-Japanese Peace Treaty of 1905, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He reviewed the fleet at Hampton Roads in 1909.

"On to Richmond" was a Union war slogan. Presidents Monroe and Tyler, and the Confederate President, Davis, are buried in Hollywood Cemetery; Madison is buried at Montpelier. Byrd Park was named for Colonel William Byrd, Richmond's founder, not Commander Richard Byrd. Patrick Henry made his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech in St. John's Church, adjoined by its own cemetery; Hollywood Cemetery is nowhere near. Henry's "treason" remarks were made at the Williamsburg Capitol, whose foundations only remain. Richmond Light Infantry Blues!

Washington via Annapolis is indirect. St. John's College boys had their class rush back of McDowell Hall of that institution just after Thanksgiving. The Naval Academy has a Macdonough Hall, but the only "rushing" done by midshipmen oc-



### EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you walk off with the wrong suitcase in the railroad station . . .  
be nonchalant . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.

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PLAIN, CORK and STRAW ENDS



The ONE cigarette sold the world over

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THE DEVINNE-HALLENBECK COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS, NEW YORK

curs in Lovers' Lane. With excellent visibility you could see the Capitol dome and beyond it the Washington Monument, arriving at Bolling Field 20-25 minutes later.

President Coolidge had returned to Washington; Charles E. Hughes ('Evans!') remained in Cuba.

The Mayflower faces west; most points of interest are toward the south and southeast. You saw the British, not French, Embassy. General Lee lived in Arlington Mansion, Virginia. Lee House (two and one-half blocks from rear entrance of Mayflower) is a modern hotel. From the Mayflower to Capitol (about two miles) you would not pass Georgetown University (two miles west of hotel), nor the Library of Congress (beyond the Capitol), nor any of the numerous street circles. Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's Theatre (now Government recruiting station) and died at 516 Tenth St., N. W., just across the street. Smithsonian Institution!

Mt. Vernon boat docks in Washington Channel and runs only in summer. The Tidal Basin is not a "port of entry."

Sincerely,  
MARTIN SHEPHERD,  
21-5406 Conn. Ave.,  
Chevy Chase, D. C.

### The Passing of the Flapper

THE flapper was a post-war creation. Her hair overnight resembled a Hottentot's; her skirts ended about her knees; she sneaked her brother's cigarettes and swore like a trooper. She chewed gum—great wads of it—vigorously and incessantly. Her make-up was as crude as a clown's. She was supposed to be "neck artist," "booze hound" and "human smokestack."

The flapper wasn't half so sophisticated as the present-day girl, smoother, more polished. Young 1928 uses more subtle methods, that is all.

She wears black satin instead of cerise; she blends her rouge evenly; she inhales her cigarettes without puffing furiously. She dances gracefully to muffled jazz and drinks liquor quite as much as her predecessor, but from a teacup rather than a flask.

She is more refined and veils her frankness with artful politeness, takes life for granted and lives frankly and calmly, if not wisely.—*Junior League Magazine*.

### Just in Time

THE DREADED MOTHER-IN-LAW! Is your father at home?

LITTLE CHESTER: Father has gone out. "Gone out! And I saw him plainly in the window from the street."

"Yes, but he slipped down the fire escape."—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

"How would you like a little drink?" "Quick."—*Annapolis Log*.